

King. No more that *Thane* of Cawdor shall deceiue
Our Bolome interest: Goe pronounce his present death,
And with his former Title greet *Macbeth*.

Rosse. Ile see it done.

King. What he hath lost, Noble *Macbeth* hath wonne.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where hast thou beene, Sister?

2. Killing Swine.

3. Sister, where thou?

1. A Saylor's Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe,
And mouncht, & mouncht, and mouncht:

Giue me, quoth I.

Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cries.
Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th' *Tiger*:

But in a Syue Ile thither sayle,

And like a Rat without a tayle,

Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.

2. Ile giue thee a Winde.

1. Th'art kinde.

3. And I another.

1. I my selfe haue all the other,

And the very Ports they blow,

All the Quarters that they know,

I'th' Ship-mans Card,

Ile dreyne him drie as Hay:

Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day

Hang vpon his Pent-house Lid:

He shall liue a man forbid:

Wearie Seu'nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:

Though his Barke cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be Tempest-toft,

Looke what I haue.

2. Shew me, shew me.

1. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,

Wrackt, as homeward he did come.

3. A Drumme, a Drumme:

Macbeth doth come.

All. The weyward Sisters, hand in hand,

Posters of the Sea and Land,

Thus doe goe, about, about,

Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

And thrice againe, to make vp nine,

Peace, the Charme's wound vp.

Enter *Macbeth* and *Banquo*.

Macb. So foule and faire a day I haue not seene.

Banquo. How farre is't call'd to Soris? What are these,
So wither'd, and so wilde in their attyre,
That looke not like th'Inhabitants o'th'Earth,
And yet are on't? Liue you, or are you aught
That man may question? you seeme to vnderstand me,
By each at once her choppie finger laying
Vpon her skinnie Lips: you should be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Mac. Speake if you can: what are you?

1. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Glamis.

2. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Cawdor.

3. All haile *Macbeth*, that shalt be King hereafter.

Banq. Good Sir, why doe you start, and seeme to feare
Things that doe sound so faire? i'th' name of truth

Are ye fantasticall, or that indeed

Which outwardly ye shew? My Noble Partner

You greet with present Grace, and great prediction

Of Noble hauing, and of Royall hope,

That he seemes wrapt withall: to me you speake not.

If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,

And say, which Graine will grow, and which will not,

Speake then to me, who neyther begge, nor feare

Your fauors, nor your hate.

1. Hayle.

2. Hayle.

3. Hayle.

1. Lesser then *Macbeth*, and greater.

2. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:
So all haile *Macbeth*, and *Banquo*.

1. *Banquo*, and *Macbeth*, all haile.

Macb. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:
By *Sinells* death, I know I am *Thane* of Glamis,

But how, of Cawdor? the *Thane* of Cawdor liues

A prosperous Gentleman: And to be King,

Stands not within the prospect of beleefe,

No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence

You owe this strange Intelligence, or why

Vpon this blasted Heath you stop our way

With such Prophetique greeting?

Speake, I charge you. *Witches vanish.*

Banq. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water ha's,

And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the Ayre: and what seem'd corporall,

Melted, as breath into the Winde.

Would they had stay'd.

Banq. Were such things here, as we doe speake about?

Or haue we eaten on the insane Root,

That takes the Reason Prisoner?

Macb. Your Children shall be Kings.

Banq. You shall be King.

Macb. And *Thane* of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Banq. Toth' selfe-same tune, and words: who's here?

Enter *Rosse* and *Angus*.

Rosse. The King hath happily receiu'd *Macbeth*,
The newes of thy successe: and when he reade's
Thy personall Venture in the Rebels fight,
His Wonders and his Prayes doe contend,
Which should be thine, or his: silenc'd with that,
In viewing o're the rest o'th' selfe-same day,
He findes thee in the stout Norweyan Rankes,
Nothing aske'd of what thy selfe didst make
Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale
Can post with post, and euery one did beare
Thy prayes in his Kingdomes great defence,
And pow'r'd them downe before him.

Ang. Wee are sent,

To giue thee from our Royall Master thanks,

Onely to harrold thee into his fight,

Not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater Honor,

He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of Cawdor:

In

In which addition, haile most worthy *Thane*,
For it is thine.

Banq. What, can the Deuill speake true?

Macb. The *Thane* of Cawdor liues:

Why doe you dresse me in borrowed Robes?

Ang. Who was the *Thane*, liues yet,

But vnder heauie Iudgement beares that Life,
Which he deserues to loose.

Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,

Or did lyne the Rebelle with hidden helpe,

And vantage; or that with both he labour'd

In his Countreyes wracke, I know not:

But Treasons Capitall, confests'd, and prou'd,

Haue ouerthrowne him.

Macb. Glamys, and *Thane* of Cawdor:

The greatest is behinde. Thankes for your paines.

Doe you not hope your Children shall be Kings,

When those that gaue the *Thane* of Cawdor to me,

Promis'd no lesse to them.

Banq. That trusted home,

Might yet enkindle you vnto the Crowne,

Besides the *Thane* of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:

And oftentimes, to winne vs to our harme,

The Instruments of Darknesse tell vs Truths,

Winne vs with honest Trifles, to betray's

In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two Truths are told,

As happy Prologues to the swelling Act

Of the Imperiall Theame. I thanke you Gentlemen:

This supernaturall solliciting

Cannot be ill; cannot be good.

If ill? why hath it giuen me earnest of successe,

Commencing in a Truth? I am *Thane* of Cawdor.

If good? why doe I yeeld to that suggestion,

Whose horrid Image doth vnfixe my Heire,

And make my feared Heart knock at my Ribbes,

Against the vse of Nature? Present Feares

Are lesse then horrible Imaginings:

My Thought, whose Murther yet is but fantasticall,

Shakes fo my single state of Man,

That Function is smother'd in surmise,

And nothing is, but what is not.

Banq. Looke how our Partner's rapt.

Macb. If Chance will haue me King,

Why Chance may Crowne me,

Without my stirre.

Banq. New Honors come vpon him

Like our strange Garments, cleaue not to their mould,

But with the aid of vse.

Macb. Come what come may,

Time, and the Houre, runs through the roughest Day.

Banq. Worthy *Macbeth*, wee stay vpon your ley-

sure.

Macb. Giue me your fauour:

My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.

Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are registred,

Where euery day I turne the Lease,

To reade them.

Let vs toward the King: thinke vpon

What hath chape'd: and at more time,

The *Interim* hauing weigh'd it, let vs speake

Our free Hearts each to other.

Banq. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then enough:

Come friends.

Exeunt.